Switch

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by rosiex

Summary

In which Jeongguk and Yoongi try something new, Taehyung gets some unsolicited advice, and the decision to tell the others about their relationship doesn't go entirely to plan.

A whole dose of fluff and smut coming your way, with just a dash of angst.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jeongguk:

yoongi

yoongi-hyung

my darling yoongi

Yoongi:

wtf

please never call me that again

Jeongguk:

I never have to call you hyung again?

awesome

Yoongi:

no change there then

Jeongguk:

will you come and keep me company?

it's so lonely up here

Yoongi:

um

how about you get off your ass and come down here

why are you even texting me when we're in the same house

Jeongguk:

I'm too tired

Yoongi:

so am I

you lot always call me grandpa

I'm exercising my elderly rights

Jeongguk:

unfair

I was at dance practice 2 hours more than you today

I'll make it worth the trip grandpa

There's no further response and Jeongguk finds himself just staring at the blank phone screen, waiting for words to appear. He's about to admit defeat and actually get up when he hears his bedroom door open and the sound of Yoongi's slow drawl meets his ears.

"I thought you were meant to be the energetic one in this relationship."

Jeongguk turns his head to the side, grinning over at Yoongi. He's standing in the doorway, arms folded across his chest and his face trying its best to hold an unimpressed expression. Jeongguk laughs lightly and presses his face into the pillow beneath him, letting his phone drop onto the mattress.

"Oh, hell no," he hears Yoongi say, also registering the sound of the door closing. "I didn't walk all the way up here for you to fall asleep on me."

Jeongguk can hear Yoongi's soft footsteps before sensing a dip in the mattress. The next thing he knows Yoongi's weight is draped over his back, his body feeling warm and solid and familiar in a way that makes Jeongguk grin wider into the pillow. He supposes that Yoongi's climbed onto him in order to make him uncomfortable enough so that he turns over and starts engaging in conversation, but truthfully it doesn't really bother him.

"You know, that would be a much better tactic if you weighed more than like, a leaf," Jeongguk snorts.

"Well, well, someone's pretty cocky tonight."

Yoongi's words are said playfully but Jeongguk doesn't fail to miss the way his voice drops an octave as he does so. It sends a very different sort of warmth through Jeongguk, although sadly he knows that there wont't be much chance of any real action this evening. The house is full tonight and he can even hear Seokjin chattering away in the next

room right this moment, his wheezing laugh occasionally drifting loudly through the wall.

Yoongi's fingers pinch Jeongguk's sides, making him squirm, and it almost throws off the elder. Yoongi sits up instead, settling on the backs of Jeongguk's thighs. His fingers play with the hem of Jeongguk's shirt, every now and then slipping beneath to let his fingertips trace over the seams of the back pockets on Jeongguk's faded jeans. Yoongi doesn't say anything, just lets his hands wordlessly travel.

"Stop checking out my ass," Jeongguk tells him, voice muffled by the pillow.

"I will check out whatever I damn well please," Yoongi replies, his tone teasing.

Jeongguk twists his head to the side so that he can look up at Yoongi. Yoongi raises his eyebrows suggestively, a playful grin tugging at his mouth. Jeongguk carefully rolls over underneath him, his own grin showing in response. Jeongguk's phone buzzes next to him but he ignores it, far more interested in the man on top of him.

"Not going to check that?" Yoongi smirks.

Jeongguk doesn't answer. Instead he sits up so that their chests are nearly pressed together. His hands rest on Yoongi's hips as Yoongi's find their way loosely into Jeongguk's hair. Their mouths soon meet, Yoongi's lips parting easily to allow Jeongguk's tongue to slip inside.

Jeongguk kind of loves it. The way their bodies slot together so well, how they seek out each other's kiss so naturally. He knows that Yoongi has worried previously that Jeongguk might be restricting himself from new experiences by only being with him, but Jeongguk feels the exact opposite. Instead, he craves this; the easy familiarity that grows a little more each time. It's not to say that there aren't new things he may want to try one day but he only wants to explore that with Yoongi, wants them to be experiences that build on what they have rather than feel restrictive in any way.

Jeongguk knows that he's probably quite unusual. Most nineteen year old guys probably want to sleep with numerous people and he's sure they'd find it odd wanting to commit to just one person. But for Jeongguk his life is consistently crazy and hectic, constantly changing every day since he was just fourteen. The one thing that has always kept him sane is knowing that the other members are always there for

him, that they always will be. They're a constant in his life and he loves that. So really, he doesn't find it too surprising that he seeks the same comfort of familiarity in his romantic life.

Yoongi's fingers grip a little tighter in his hair and it draws Jeongguk's focus firmly back to the moment. Their tongues slide together, light and playful but with an unmistakable undertone of intensity. Jeongguk tilts his head to deepen the kiss further, swallowing the soft noise of appreciation that escapes Yoongi's throat at the action. His hands clutch harder at Yoongi's hips, thumbs brushing against the denim of his jeans.

Any exhaustion Jeongguk was previously feeling seems to dissipate as he kisses Yoongi, the act simultaneously reviving and relaxing him. He sinks into the kiss, enjoying getting completely lost in the way they slowly search out the taste of each other, their tongues thoroughly exploring the heat of their mouths. He feels Yoongi settle himself a little more into Jeongguk's lap, their bodies pressing closer together.

Jeongguk's lips eventually break away, dragging across the curve of Yoongi's neck as he dips down to mouth at the skin there. If he's honest, he's still a touch uncertain doing this; he's always slightly worried that he goes too hard or too light, whether the scrape of his teeth is too much or too little.

It's normally Yoongi working Jeongguk's neck with expert precision, causing gasps and sighs to fall from his lips in a matter of seconds. Jeongguk's confidence has been growing more and more however so he tries and from what he can tell Yoongi seems to like what he does. One hand falls to hold onto Jeongguk's shoulder while the other stays in his hair, keeping Jeongguk's mouth firmly on him. His head lolls to the side, breath coming out soft and shaking.

"Feels so nice, Kook," Yoongi murmurs.

Jeongguk's not sure how Yoongi manages to pick up on whenever he's unsure or nervous but he always does, always manages to reassure. Jeongguk bites down very gently on the skin beneath his lips, eliciting a small pleasured gasp from Yoongi.

The sound has an immediate effect on Jeongguk, his hips lifting subconsciously into Yoongi. He pulls away slightly, not wanting to actually leave a mark, and he trails his mouth along Yoongi's neck until it reaches the collar of his shirt. Shit, he just wants to take it off, cast aside the fabric and let his lips roam across the pale skin of

Yoongi's chest. He doesn't though given the proximity of others in the house. His fingers slip beneath Yoongi's shirt, scratching lightly over his smooth stomach, frustrated by how restricted the pair of them are right now.

Jeongguk knows that, really, even this is risky, mouths and hands all over each other with Yoongi seated firmly in his lap. It's been over a week since they made the decision to tell the others, but now they're actually going to do it Jeongguk has felt flooded with nerves. They are still yet to come up with an actual plan for telling them. Jeongguk feels like they've been pretty lax on making sure they're not discovered over the past few days. He sometimes wonders if they're hoping that the others might just walk in and then it'll be out there without any difficult talks involved. But truthfully that isn't what he and Yoongi want; the others deserve more respect than finding out like that.

Knowing that fact doesn't make it any easier to stop though. Jeongguk's hips push up again, one of his arms looping around Yoongi's lower back and pulling him closer as he feels Yoongi press back down. Their mouths meet again, Yoongi tugging Jeongguk's bottom lip between his own before resuming the smooth glide of their tongues once more. Yoongi moans quietly into it, kissing him harder than the last time.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk breathes out, almost a whine. He's not quite sure if he's asking him to stop or continue.

"Hmm?" he replies, low and full of false innocence. His hand drops from Jeongguk's shoulder, rubbing against Jeongguk's chest through the material of his thin shirt.

"We can't," he says, pulling back but still giving Yoongi a face that he knows is his best come hither expression, biting down on his lip with his best attempt at doe eyes. Yoongi smirks at him and slips a hand beneath his shirt

"We can't what?" he asks with mock naivety as his fingers trace the smooth planes of Jeongguk's stomach.

"You know," Jeongguk grins coyly. "No sex."

"Who said anything about that," Yoongi says teasingly. "I'm just, uh, what was your phrase? Keeping you company."

Jeongguk grins wider, leaning in and capturing Yoongi's mouth again,

the kiss this time a little rougher and faster. Jeongguk can't describe the feeling he gets from being with Yoongi like this; it's an odd giddiness, an overwhelming happiness, almost like he's drunk off the other man. The kiss is quick and passionate, leaving them both a little breathless when they pull apart. Yoongi lifts his hand that's not stroking against Jeongguk's chest to gently cup the younger's jaw. He looks at Jeongguk and Jeongguk finds it impossible to look away, willingly getting lost in the depths of his eyes. The only sound in the room is from their stuttered breathing. That is until a loud peal of laughter comes from the next room, Seokjin sounding like he's suffering some kind of laughing fit.

"Wow, Seokjin certainly knows how to kill the mood," Yoongi chuckles.

Jeongguk grins at him, taking the moment to suddenly flip them over, Yoongi now laying on his back and letting out a small 'oomph' as he falls onto the mattress. His face scrunches up into a look of disgruntlement that Jeongguk finds cute rather than threatening.

"Aish, less of the gymnastics please," Yoongi grumbles.

"But I like flinging you around," Jeongguk teases, crawling up the bed until his body is draped over Yoongi's.

"Unless we are both a lot more naked then there's to be no *flinging* thank you very much."

Jeongguk's not sure what it is but something about Yoongi's comment and the way he's pressed down into the bed under him makes their eyes flicker to each other, a burst of desire simmering in their shared gaze. Yoongi wets his lips, hands rubbing against Jeongguk's sides. Jeongguk thinks back to the time recently when he similarly had Yoongi in this position, how he'd considered Yoongi's previous offer that Jeongguk could try being top if he wished. The idea takes a little more shape in his mind as he looks down at Yoongi, watches the way the elder's teeth bite down on his lower lip.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk begins tentatively. "Do you remember a while ago, you said if I wanted to try anything I could ask you?"

"Of course."

Yoongi smiles softly and Jeongguk suspects he's already figured out where the conversation is going, especially given that he explicitly offered it to Jeongguk before. Jeongguk smiles back at him, suddenly

feeling a wave of shyness at asking for this. Yoongi seems to get it. His hands stop stroking Jeongguk's sides, instead choosing to wrap his arms around the small of his back.

"It's fine to ask," he tells him. "Just- well, it's been a while. But I'm happy to try, so long as you are."

Jeongguk grins, burying his face in Yoongi's neck and making him laugh. Jeongguk doesn't know why he's suddenly gone all bashful and giddy like a schoolgirl; it's frankly quite embarrassing. Yoongi holds him a little tighter and Jeongguk can feel his laughter rather than hear it.

"Can I ask you something?" Jeongguk says, face still pressed into Yoongi's neck. Yoongi doesn't say anything but Jeongguk can feel him nod. "When you say it's been a while – was it with that guy you mentioned before?"

Jeongguk swallows heavily, feeling a bit strange at asking such a personal question but Yoongi's never given him a reason to think that he *can't* ask. There's a short pause and Jeongguk's about ready to apologise but then Yoongi answers him.

"Yeah, it was."

He doesn't offer up much more and Jeongguk furrows his brow slightly. He pulls back so that he can look at Yoongi, even though he knows it makes both of them feel awkward to be face to face when discussing serious topics.

"You said the other day that you did a lot of stuff that made you uncomfortable with that guy," Jeongguk says cautiously. "I don't care *that* much about trying it - and I definitely don't want to if it's something you're not okay with."

Yoongi's expression changes from surprised to affectionate in a matter of seconds. He smiles up at Jeongguk, squeezing his arms tighter around him.

"Thank you for checking," he says. "But what we have is- well, it's completely different to back then. I want to try things with you. I trust you, Kook."

It's said so sincerely that Jeongguk's almost waiting for some snappy one liner to follow just to diffuse the moment, but it doesn't come. Yoongi's words settle deep within his chest, warming and comforting

him in a way he can't really describe. Jeongguk leans down, their lips meeting tenderly in a lingering kiss that leaves Jeongguk feeling just as lightheaded as their more heated kisses from earlier.

Jeongguk is a little overwhelmed by how much he feels for Yoongi sometimes, like it's almost too much and he doesn't quite know what to do with it. In many ways it's a scary sensation but he tries to just go with it. In moments like this it's all the more evident; the way his heart races and his chest tightens just from a kiss, and how he can feel both utterly content and exhilarated at the same time. It's kind of terrifying and wonderful, but he doesn't think too much on it when Yoongi draws him for just one more kiss.

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"You know what, this isn't bad," Jeongguk says through a mouthful of food.

"Less of the surprised tone please," Jimin jokes, rapping Jeongguk on the head with his chopsticks.

"You better not have got sauce in my hair," Jeongguk warns. Jimin just chuckles and so Jeongguk gets his phone out, using the camera to check that there's nothing in his hair.

"So vain," Jimin tuts. Jeongguk fails to mention that he once saw Jimin spend a good ten minutes making sure that his hair was parted just right before going out shopping only a few weeks ago.

They chew on their lunch in silence, the occasional slurp breaking the quiet as they end up left with only the broth at the bottom of their bowls.

"Hyung," Jeongguk starts to tentatively ask. Jimin looks up in surprise, unused to Jeongguk using formalities without prompting. "Is, uh- well, what's happening with you and Tae?"

Jeongguk hasn't forgotten Taehyung's strange comments last week or Jimin's odd behaviour around the other more generally. This week they've both seemed more subdued and if he's honest, something still feels unusual between the pair. Jimin looks initially flustered by the question but quickly composes himself.

"We kind of decided that we're not going to do, you know, all that other stuff anymore," Jimin says casually. "Sort of run its course."

Jeongguk's not sure why but Jimin's confession makes him feel unexpectedly sad. They always seemed so happy together. He hopes to god that this doesn't affect their friendship.

"I'm sorry, Jimin," Jeongguk says truthfully. "Did Tae not-"

"What makes you think Tae ended it?" Jimin asks, suddenly abrupt. It catches Jeongguk somewhat off guard.

"I-I don't know," Jeongguk says, a little less honestly this time. If he's truthful he kind of suspected from the lingering looks Jimin gave over the last few weeks that potentially he was more into their thing than Taehyung was, but of course he doesn't say this.

"We both just decided it was the right thing," Jimin says bluntly.

"Okay. Cool."

Jeongguk nods. A strange tension settles over the pair of them. Jimin takes his bowl, grabbing Jeongguk's too without asking if he's finished and walks over to the sink. Jeongguk stays sitting awkwardly at the table, not sure what to say. Jimin starts running the tap, the noise of the water the only sound breaking the silence.

"Everything okay now with you and Yoongi?" Jimin eventually asks, though it sounds a little forced.

Jeongguk's about to answer when Hoseok chooses that moment to wander into the kitchen. His brow knots into a concerned expression as he looks over at Jeongguk.

"What happened with you and Yoongi-hyung?" he asks anxiously.

"Oh, nothing hyung," Jeongguk assures him. "We just had a bit of a stupid argument. It's all sorted now."

"You're sure?" Hoseok checks, obviously picking up on the strange atmosphere in the room.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Jeongguk nods eagerly, flashing him a small smile.

Hoseok doesn't look entirely convinced but he seems to accept it. He wanders over to the pan on the stove, still full of Jimin's cooking. He starts prodding at it with the wooden spoon laying on the counter.

"What's this?"

Jimin starts to answer him and Jeongguk uses the opportunity to leave the kitchen. He tries to shake off the uncomfortable feeling that the conversation with Jimin has left him with.

He feels like there's more to it than what Jimin's telling him, but he knows that Jimin can close himself off when he wants to and that further questioning is only likely to make Jimin shy away even more. Jeongguk sighs, knowing that he's not exactly one to give advice about the best way to deal with feelings but he guesses it's always easier to see things objectively when it's someone else.

Jeongguk wanders upstairs, taking his usual routine glance into Yoongi's bedroom as he walks past it. The man in question is sitting on his bed, typing out something on his laptop. He smiles over when he spots Jeongguk lingering in the doorway.

"Do you ever stop working?" Jeongguk grins as he wanders in, closing the door behind him.

"For the right distraction," he replies with a smirk.

Jeongguk kneels on the bed beside him, ducking his head down in order to share a quick kiss in greeting. Yoongi's hand moves to rest on his knee.

"Did you know that Tae and Jimin are just kind of- friends again?" Jeongguk asks.

Yoongi blinks hard in confusion, his forehead creasing slightly. "What, you mean they're not together anymore?"

Yoongi's reaction makes him a feel a little better; Jeongguk was starting to worry that he's been a terrible friend and had missed something really obvious happening between them. Yoongi however looks similarly bewildered by the statement.

"Yeah. Jimin just told me that the sleeping together thing had run its course or something," Jeongguk tells him.

"That's weird," Yoongi says, slow and contemplative. "I always figured they were past the just sex part."

"Yeah," Jeongguk agrees uselessly.

He doesn't really have much to add. His thinking had been much along the same lines as Yoongi. It just seemed like the pair had ended

up as much more than simply friends who slept together and Jeongguk can't quite believe they've abandoned that so easily.

"Jimin seemed okay with it?"

"Seemed to be," Jeongguk shrugs. "Said they'd both agreed it was for the best."

"Huh." A few moment's of silence falls over them, Yoongi seeming a little lost in thought before continuing. "I don't know. I feel like there's more to it. But that's up to them to tell us or not. We've just got to be there for them if they want us I guess."

Jeongguk nods. He twists his body slightly, moving to sit next to Yoongi, his back against the headboard. He looks over at the laptop to the photo on the screen, a black and white shot of of some of the members chatting backstage. Jeongguk's not sure whether it was in the way the picture was taken or whether it's from the editing afterwards, but it manages to draw the eye to Namjoon who's sitting quietly, writing something in a notebook while the others joke around him. Looking at the photo makes Jeongguk think back to their time in Scandinavia when he and Yoongi first started becoming noticeably closer; how Yoongi would get lost in describing the details of the camera to Jeongguk as the younger watched on, only ever really retaining half of the information he was told but enjoying the lessons all the same.

"Cool photo," he grins. "Though I'm a little offended it's not of me."

"Ah, any photos of you are obviously hidden in my secret stalker folder," Yoongi replies dryly.

"Knew it," Jeongguk laughs.

Yoongi shakes his head and minimises the screen. "You feel like watching something?"

A few minutes later finds them both half laying down on the bed, Yoongi's hand slipping beneath the waist band of Jeongguk's sweatpants as Jeongguk's fists into the front of his shirt. A TV show plays pointlessly on the laptop by their feet, already forgotten as they kiss deeply, their mouths muffling the quiet moans that keep threatening to escape. It's become a familiar sensation now, that constant fear gnawing at the back of his mind that someone could potentially walk in at any moment; Jeongguk wonders how nice it must be to not have to worry about such a thing.

"Yoongi, fuck," Jeongguk grunts out.

There are times when they can take longer to enjoy this but it's the middle of the day in a not-so-empty house and time is a pressure they're both very much aware of. It doesn't manage to override the desire in the pair of them however and when Yoongi's hand actually wraps around Jeongguk's cock he has to try his best not to let out a full on moan. It's been too long since they've done this; it's always too long.

"Shit, you feel so good, Kook," Yoongi breathes. "So hard."

Jeongguk swallows thickly at his words. One of his legs slides between Yoongi's and his breath hitches when he feels Yoongi instinctively rub against it, this own arousal evident even through the denim of his jeans.

Yoongi's hand is warm and firm, setting up a fast pace that gets Jeongguk panting in an embarrassingly short space of time. His hand leaves Yoongi's shirt, moving up to clutch at the side of his neck, his face dropping to press against the other side. Yoongi tugs Jeongguk's sweatpants down just enough to give him easier access, the cool air hitting Jeongguk's flushed skin. It's quick and to the point, any teasing build up long forgotten, but Jeongguk couldn't care less. His hips roll up into Yoongi's touch as he drowns in the sensations, loving how Yoongi always knows how to work him so well every time they're together.

"Yes, Yoongi, *god*," he groans lowly, eyes scrunched shut as he lets himself become totally lost in the way Yoongi makes him feel. Jeongguk does this to himself still obviously, the long gaps between times like these always proving too much, but it's nothing compared to the touch of Yoongi's hand on him.

"Feel good?" Yoongi murmurs, even though the answer is pretty clear.

Jeongguk doesn't manage to answer him as Yoongi chooses that moment to flick his thumb just right over the tip of his cock. A soft, choked cry falls from Jeongguk's lips. His hips keep moving, seeking out ever more of the easy slide of Yoongi's hand. Yoongi presses harder into his thigh, letting Jeongguk feel just how much he's enjoying this too.

"So fucking hot, b- Kook," Yoongi moans quietly. His head dips so that his mouth finds the curve of Jeongguk's throat, tongue licking at the heated skin there.

Jeongguk hears the way Yoongi catches his words and it makes his stomach clench in a way unrelated to how incredibly turned on he is. It hasn't escaped his attention that Yoongi has dropped his term of endearment for Jeongguk ever since their row, when Jeongguk had angrily told him not to use it. Jeongguk knows he was just being a brat: the term had grated on him in that particular instance, but it never had otherwise. Truthfully, he's missed it. He's wanted to ask Yoongi to start using it again but well, that's far too embarrassing a conversation for him to bring up out of nowhere. In the heat of the moment right now though, he feels ready to be a little more forward.

"Please call me it," Jeongguk asks, nipping lightly at Yoongi's neck before pressing his face back against it.

"Huh?" He feels Yoongi pull away a little, the speed of his hand faltering just slightly.

"Please call me baby again," Jeongguk clarifies, immensely glad that Yoongi can't see his face right now. He can feel the heat burning his cheeks from his request.

"I didn't think you-" Yoongi starts to say. Jeongguk can't see him but he can hear his voice, caught somewhere between confused and intrigued.

"I like it, I like it," he mumbles, the heat in his cheeks deepening further.

Yoongi doesn't say anything further but Jeongguk's quickly distracted by the way Yoongi seeks out his mouth once more. They kiss eagerly. It's little sloppy and their teeth clash once or twice, but it doesn't matter in the slightest. Their tongues lick into each other's mouths, exploring that sweet, wet heat. Jeongguk whines into the kiss as Yoongi's hand drives him wild, stroking up and down with just the right amount of pressure and speed that Jeongguk needs.

Fuck, it's so good. Jeongguk never would have thought before all of this that something as simple as a handjob could get him so incredibly turned on. Yet the way Yoongi works him is dizzying and he can't quite believe it when he already begins to feel the familiar pressure building in the pit of his stomach.

"So close," he near enough whimpers, head dropping back down to press into Yoongi's neck.

Yoongi lets out a small noise of acknowledgement from the back of his

throat. With his free hand he pushes Jeongguk onto his back, his other hand still moving fast as Jeongguk's toes curl into the covers. He doesn't let up the pace as his body shifts down the bed, mouth heading towards Jeongguk's cock. The thought of Yoongi's tongue on him, of coming in his mouth, so soft and warm - shit, it's too much.

"Yoongi," Jeongguk gasps, a mixture of surprise and utter pleasure as his orgasm crashes over him, sudden and intense. His head falls back against the pillows as he comes, his fingers grasping desperately at the covers beneath him as he gives into the wonderful feeling.

"What the fuck."

Yoongi's voice gets Jeongguk lifting his head back up, taking a moment to focus through the haziness of the orgasm that's just hit him. Yoongi's blinking in apparent shock, beads of white dotted across his cheeks and dripping off his chin. He brings the back of his hand across his skin almost dazedly.

"Oh my god," Jeongguk exclaims, immediately sitting straight up at the sight. "I'm so sorry, I really didn't mean to, oh my god."

His voice is flustered and full of panic as he rambles apologetically. He may be pretty inexperienced when it comes to stuff of a sexual nature, but even he knows that doing *that* without agreement is definitely not cool. Yoongi blinks a few more times and then out of nowhere he's laughing, eyes sparkling with humour.

"I'm really sorry," Jeongguk repeats but he can't help but join in Yoongi's laughter. "It just kind of hit me."

"Actually I think you'll find it just kind of hit *me*," Yoongi replies, and his lame pun and the ridiculousness of the situation just serve to send them both into further fits of laughter. Jeongguk gets off the bed and heads over to where he knows Yoongi keeps clean towels in his closet, grabbing one before coming to kneel back on the bed. He carefully cleans Yoongi up, trying to ignore the way his stomach leaps when Yoongi scrunches up his nose in disgruntlement at the action.

"Honestly, I am sorry," Jeongguk tries once more when they've both calmed down a little. He cleans himself up too, tugging his sweatpants back up and chucking the towel to the floor.

"It's fine," Yoongi tells him, his words accompanied by a small smile to show that the comment is genuine. "Just, uh, maybe don't make a habit of it."

There's a short pause as they look at each other, the humour hitting them once again and they break into more laughter. Jeongguk leans in at some point and presses their lips together, loving how he can feel Yoongi's smile even during the kiss.

Jeongguk's hand drops down to the front of Yoongi's jeans, lightly cupping against him. He's still half hard despite all of the commotion and Jeongguk presses his palm a little firmer. His tongue darts between Yoongi's lips, the movements more languid and gentle than the frantic pace of before. Yoongi's tongue meets with his own, gliding softly together as Jeongguk's fingers find the zipper of Yoongi's jeans, sliding the denim down his thighs. His feels the hard outline of Yoongi's cock through his underwear, the touch causing Yoongi's breath to catch a little as they kiss.

"Want to go down on you," Jeongguk murmurs against his lips, a noticeable shiver running through Yoongi at his words.

"Yeah, yes, please," Yoongi breathes out rapidly, his eager reaction bringing another smile to Jeongguk.

He pulls away, wetting his lips subconsciously as he gazes down at Yoongi's underwear. Yoongi kneels up as Jeongguk drops down onto his elbows. He looks up at Yoongi as he leans forward, starting to mouth at Yoongi's cock through the fabric.

"Fuck, baby, yes," Yoongi sighs, a hand dropping to the back of Jeongguk's neck.

A reassuring warmth floods through Jeongguk at his comment. He's not quite sure when he became such a sucker for a pet name but well, there's a lot of new stuff he's found out about himself over the past few months.

His fingers are hooking into the elastic of Yoongi's underwear when the sound of talking from outside the room hits his ears. He looks up, catching a similarly panicked look in Yoongi's eyes. There's a couple of voices, and Jeongguk realises it's Jimin and Seokjin.

"Shit," Yoongi hisses, quickly pulling up his jeans and doing up the zipper. Jeongguk gets the laptop, moving it back into a position in the centre of the bed. They near enough fling themselves at the head of the bed, only a few moments between them sitting back against the headboard and the door to the bedroom opening. Jeongguk just hopes that their heavy breathing isn't too obvious.

"Oh, hey," Seokjin says in greeting when he spots the pair.

"Hey, hyung," they both reply, Jeongguk's response verging on a little too cheery. If Seokjin notices however then he doesn't mention it.

"I was just heading to the gym if you want to join?" he asks.

"Oh, I'm actually on a rest day," Jeongguk tells him, not entirely truthfully. "But thanks."

"No worries," Seokjin smiles. He wanders over to the foot of his bed, grabbing his pre-packed gym bag before heading back out again. "Enjoy your show."

They both sit in silence a while longer than necessary. Eventually Yoongi breaks it.

"Rest day," he snorts, amused.

"Hey, that's a legitimate thing," Jeongguk protests. Yoongi just rolls his eyes. There's another few seconds of silence.

"So, have you thought anymore about telling the others?" Yoongi finally asks.

"Yeah," Jeongguk says, chewing nervously on his lower lip. "And I still want to. I just like- want to be at the point where we've told them. And kind of skip the actual telling bit."

Yoongi chuckles at his comment. "Yeah, you and me both," he agrees. "I guess if there's a time that it feels natural, we'll just have to go for it."

"Yeah," Jeongguk nods.

As much as he's pushed for it, it's a strange thought to imagine them actually sitting everyone down and announcing it. He imagines it being like that time his cousin announced to the family that she was pregnant and he just sat there all awkward and not sure what to say.

"I guess we have to decide what exactly we tell them too," Yoongi says, a little quieter this time. "You know, it's going to be enough of a shock without telling them that we first got together in the middle of a foursome."

Yoongi smiles wryly at him and Jeongguk laughs a little despite the seriousness. It's a good point though - how exactly are they meant to

say that this happened? Jeongguk's pretty sure that Taehyung and Jimin won't want their involvement known but does that mean they'll have to pretend like they were unaware too?

"This is all feeling a bit weird," Jeongguk admits. The idea of lying to the other members even more just seems wrong somehow but telling the truth will cause a lot more trouble than needed.

"I know," Yoongi sighs. "It's not simple. We'll figure something out though, don't worry."

The conversation is interrupted by a light knock at the door. Yoongi calls whoever it is in and the door slowly opens. Jimin steps into the room, offering both of them a shy smile. He greets them both, receiving two greetings back in response.

"I thought you might be in here, Kook," he says. "I just, um, I just wanted to apologise if I was a bit- snappy at lunch."

"Don't worry about it," Jeongguk says, dismissing it with a wave of his hand. "It's fine."

"No, it wasn't fine," Jimin tells him. "And I'm sorry. I've just been a bit tired lately I guess. Not quite myself."

"Thanks, hyung," Jeongguk smiles at him.

Jimin hovers a little awkwardly by the door. Jeongguk's not sure if he wants to stay and talk more, or whether he's looking for a reason to leave. Yoongi clears his throat.

"Do you want to come and watch?" he asks, nodding at the show playing on the laptop.

"Oh god, I don't want to third wheel," Jimin says hurriedly, a tinge of pink settling on his cheeks.

"Don't be stupid," Yoongi tells him. "Though I was actually about to go get lunch, so you'd just be stuck with Kook. I can see why that might not be appealing."

Jeongguk acts offended and Jimin grins. "Yeah, that does seem like a raw deal," he agrees, but he walks over towards the bed anyway as Yoongi stands up.

Jeongguk knows full well that Yoongi was not planning on having

lunch right now but he gets what he's doing. Jimin seems like he might want some company and Jeongguk's guessing that whatever has happened between him and Taehyung means that his usual companion is no longer available. Of course Jeongguk would kind of like to finish what he started with Yoongi, but this is more important right now.

He spends an enjoyable hour or so with Jimin. They don't mention Taehyung and they don't particularly mention his and Yoongi's relationship either. They just chat about stupid stuff like they always used to and it's nice. By the time Jimin has to go he still doesn't quite seem himself but he does appear a lot more relaxed and somewhat happier, and Jeongguk supposes that's enough for now.

*

Jeongguk:

hurry up

Yoongi:

unfortunately I can't make this taxi go any faster

why are you so keen to get me back?

Jeongguk:

cos Seokjin's away

which means your room is empty

do I need to go on?

Yoongi:

you do know he's away for 2 nights right?

I'm not sure 5 minutes will make that much difference

Jeongguk smiles down at the message on his phone. Obviously he likes Seokjin being around the house - it's always nice to have all the members together. Even after all these years, they may have arguments now and again, and sometimes the strain of performing can tell on their relationships, but overall Jeongguk is always happy spending time with his hyungs.

So he feels a little bad at being pleased that Seokjin's away for two nights filming on a show, but it's been over a week since his and Yoongi's last encounter that was unfortunately interrupted and well, it's a week too long really. Seokjin being out of the house doesn't make things entirely risk-free of course, but it does give that extra element of privacy in Yoongi's room. Jeongguk feels lucky that Yoongi's got such a reputation of being grumpy when woken, as it tends to mean that the other members avoid his room whenever possible.

Jeongguk:

I know

but I'm impatient

Yoongi:

I'll make it worth the wait

Jeongguk:

big talk

Yoongi:

min yoongi never disappoints

Jeongguk:

min yoongi disappoints every time he refers to himself in 3rd person

Yoongi:

harsh words jeon jeongguk

I can always get this taxi to turn back around

Jeongguk smiles at the empty threat. He quietly gets out of his bed, closing the door carefully behind him. Not that anything could really be heard above Namjoon's snoring anyway. He heads downstairs, fumbling his way in the darkness and using only the light of his phone to navigate. It's only 11:30 but it's been a long day and the house seems eerily still and quiet with everyone already passed out in bed. He's just about made it to the entrance hallway when he hears the sound of a key turning in the lock and sees Yoongi stepping into the house.

"Kook?" he says tentatively as he shuts the door.

Jeongguk's light from his phone gives away that someone's there but not quite enough light to define any features. Jeongguk doesn't reply but instead strides over, immediately pressing his lips to Yoongi's in a fiery kiss. Yoongi lets out a muffled noise of surprise but soon kisses back, their tongues meeting easily.

"I certainly hope this *is* Kook," Yoongi chuckles before resuming their kiss, Jeongguk pinching him lightly before resting both of his hands on Yoongi's hips.

Now that he's got Yoongi here the bedroom seems an infinitely long way away, especially when the lounge is so nearby and empty. Jeongguk gets a brief flashback of when he went down on Yoongi on the couch in there before and he suddenly aches to do so again. He carefully manoeuvres Yoongi so that the elder is shuffling backwards into the lounge, keeping him walking in the direction of the sofa.

"Want to finish what we started the other day," Jeongguk murmurs into the kiss. Yoongi hums lowly in agreement.

"Um, guys?"

A voice suddenly sounds from the darkness. Jeongguk feels a palm pressed to his chest and Yoongi steps away, all before a lamp gets switched on and then Jeongguk is blinking blindly as his eyes adjust to the sudden brightness.

Once his eyesight is fully back to normal, Jeongguk notices a couple of things. Mainly that Taehyung is sitting on the couch, looking mortified at what he was just almost privy to, and also that Yoongi is standing in front of Jeongguk, his hand on Jeongguk's chest holding him back. Yoongi seems to catch himself and drops his hand instantly.

"Oh my god, Yoongi, were you- *protecting* me?" Jeongguk asks incredulously, trying and failing to keep the amusement out of his voice.

"Fuck off," Yoongi mutters, though there's an obvious flush appearing in his cheeks.

"That's so sweet," Taehyung says, and Jeongguk's not quite sure if he sounds on the verge of crying or laughing.

"My hero," Jeongguk praises teasingly, putting on a girlish, breathy

voice. He wraps his arms around Yoongi from behind and immediately gets them shrugged off. Jeongguk laughs lightly.

"If you mention that to *anyone* I will murder both of you in your sleep," Yoongi warns them, looking both grumpy and embarrassed by his instinctive reaction. , Neither of them appear particularly worried by the threat. "What the hell were you doing anyway, sitting in the dark like that?"

"Oh, I dozed off watching TV earlier, then I couldn't be bothered to get up and actually go to bed so I stayed here," Taehyung explains.

Something in Taehyung's voice makes it sound like he's not being entirely honest. Jeongguk looks more closely at him. His eyes are puffy and swollen, his cheeks red from where he seems to have rubbed at them. He's obviously been crying.

"Bullshit," Yoongi says bluntly.

Taehyung blinks up at him a few times in surprise. He doesn't answer straight away and Jeongguk steps in.

"Is this about Jimin?" he asks gently.

Taehyung's head swivels round to look at him, the surprise replaced by something like fear. He shakes his head vigorously.

"No, no, why would it be about Jimin?" he says anxiously.

Yoongi sighs and moves to sit down next Taehyung. "He told Kook that you two weren't together anymore."

"We were never together," Taehyung mumbles, casting his eyes down into his lap.

"That's not true, is it?" Yoongi says, though it's said in a kind rather than accusatory tone.

"Why - did he tell you we were?" Taehyung asks. He looks up at Jeongguk, something almost hopeful in his gaze. Jeongguk wishes so badly that he could give him another answer. Jimin may not have said it but come on, it was pretty obvious.

"Well, no," Jeongguk admits hesitantly.

"What did he tell you then?" Taehyung asks.

"He just said that you'd both agreed that- that whatever you had, well- it had maybe run its course."

Taehyung nods, his expression blank. He seems to gather himself, inhaling deeply. "Exactly," he says, his voice shaking a little despite the firmness he's clearly trying to put in it.

"So that's it?" Yoongi presses. "It's over?"

"Over," Taehyung repeats quietly.

There's a few seconds of silence before Jeongguk notices the first tear sliding down Taehyung's cheek. He hastily tries to wipe it away but another one soon follows and within a few moments there's too many to stop.

"Oh god, please don't," Yoongi says in a panic.

He puts an arm awkwardly around Taehyung's shoulders and looks over at Jeongguk, an alarmed expression evident on his face. Jeongguk doesn't know what to do either; himself and Yoongi have never exactly been the best members for dealing with these kind of situations. He grabs a box of tissues from the table and brings them over, sitting down on the other side of Taehyung.

"I'm sorry, this is so stupid, ignore me," Taehyung apologises, taking the tissue that Jeongguk pushes into his hand. He dabs at his face and tips his head back, trying to stem the flow of tears.

"Don't apologise," Yoongi tells him. "It's pretty clear that there's more between you two than just sleeping together."

"Is it?" Taehyung says bitterly, and it's a tone that Jeongguk really isn't used to hearing from his friend.

"Yes, it is," Yoongi reiterates, firmer this time. "Something must have happened surely?"

Taehyung shakes his head sadly. "No. Like Jimin said. It was just fun, wasn't it? I don't know why I'm getting so upset about it."

“You’re upset because you care about him,” Yoongi says. “As more than a friend. You don’t need to pretend to us.”

Taehyung takes a few moments and a watery smile appears on his face. He looks almost guilty, like he’s been caught out. “How did you

know?”

Yoongi snorts a little. “I mean, if me and Kook could figure it out, it means that it's pretty obvious,” Yoongi tells him. “You should talk to him.”

Taehyung lets out a soft huff of laughter. “God, what’s it come to when I’m actually taking relationship advice from you two,” he chuckles, though it’s a little sad still.

“Hey,” Yoongi says, jokingly sounding affronted. He nudges Taehyung with his elbow. Taehyung just smiles down at his hands that are clasped nervously in his lap.

“I agree. Why don’t you just talk to him, Tae?” Jeongguk asks. “I mean, that’s what you told me to do. You’re not going to take your own advice?”

Jeongguk notices Yoongi look over at him curiously. He doesn’t know that Jeongguk had discussed their argument from the other week with Taehyung and he clearly seems a little intrigued, but he doesn’t say anything. Taehyung just shakes his head.

“I tried to,” he says. “I just don’t get it. It was all going fine. I mean, we never discussed what we were but I thought it was clear that we were together.”

“That’s what we figured,” Jeongguk tells him, encouraging him to continue. Taehyung sighs.

"But then a while ago he started acting strange and he didn’t want to do stuff anymore. I’d ask him what was wrong but he always said everything was fine. That he was just tired or that he felt unwell. I didn’t really believe him but I thought it might pass.” He pauses and bites down on his lip. “And then the other night I wanted to talk. Finally define things properly. He got back from the studio and he was letting me kiss him so I thought things might be back to normal. And then- then he just told me to stop. Said he didn’t want to do this anymore.”

Taehyung’s voice sounds so hurt, so dejected, that it’s painful to listen to. Jeongguk doesn’t get it. Why would Jimin cut things off like that? Jimin had always seemed so into Taehyung.

“I’m sorry, Tae,” Jeongguk tells him honestly. Taehyung nods and doesn’t say anything. He seems to be trying to hold himself back, as

though worried that when he talks the tears will start to spill again. Yoongi doesn't speak either for a long time.

"It makes no sense," Yoongi says eventually.

"Yes it does," Taehyung replies sadly. "I just read things wrong is all. I thought he had feelings for me but I clearly just got carried away."

Yoongi shakes his head. "I don't buy it," he says. "Jimin obviously-"

"Well, you need to buy it," Taehyung snaps. "I know things worked out well for you two but that doesn't mean it's the same for me and Jimin. I just got things wrong."

"Okay, okay," Yoongi says calmly, clearly not believing Taehyung but trying not to rile him up any more. He waits a little while before questioning further. "And you're *sure* there's nothing that happened to make him act like that. You know Jimin, he takes things to heart too much. There's nothing you said or did-"

"So it's my fault now?" Taehyung says, still a little on edge.

"I'm not saying that," Yoongi sighs. "I just mean, can you pinpoint from when he acted differently?"

Taehyung appears to be thinking, struggling to come up with something. "I mean, I guess it was after we did the stage for that Japanese TV show. But we were fine. I don't remember anything happening."

"You're sure about that?" Jeongguk presses.

Taehyung appears to go back into thought about it, his brow furrowing in concentration. He starts talking aloud, as though trying to paint the picture in his mind.

"So backstage Seokjin and Namjoon were looking at something on one of their phones. You two were talking to Hobi. And I was chatting with Jimin. I mean, I made fun of that dance move he does, but we all do that."

"Yeah, I can't see it being about that," Jeongguk agrees.

"And nothing else?" Yoongi checks.

Taehyung's brow creases again. "I remember some of the girls from one of the J-Pop groups kept looking over. There was one who was

quite sweet who seemed like she wanted to come over, but she was young and clearly too shy," Taehyung recalls. "So I asked him if he thought I should go over - you know, I speak Japanese the best - but I didn't want to seem arrogant. He seemed a bit uninterested which I guess was odd but I assumed it was 'cause he was probably getting focused on the performance already. And then we were on stage after that."

"And nothing else happened that day?" Jeongguk asks.

"No, nothing," Taehyung says glumly. "We all went for that meal together and then pretty much went to bed afterwards. But that night was when he first acted weird when I tried to kiss him."

The three of them descend into silence, no closer to an answer.

"Look, clearly none of us have a clue what's going on," Yoongi says eventually. "It's no good sitting here speculating. You need to talk to him."

"What good can it do?" Taehyung says softly. "He doesn't want me in that way. He made that clear."

"Maybe," Yoongi concedes. "But I mean, if he still feels the same after you talk to him then nothing's different. No harm done. But what if it makes him think differently. Isn't it at least worth a shot?"

Taehyung swallows hard and after a long while, he nods.

"I suppose."

He doesn't sound entirely convinced. "Look, it took you locking me in a room with Kook to talk about my feelings," Yoongi tells him. "Don't make us do the same to you."

"Technically the room wasn't locked," Taehyung points out, but he's smiling a little.

Yoongi huffs loudly but he smiles too. "Whatever," he says dismissively. "The point is, I'd convinced myself that Kook would never be interested in me like that. But I'd never actually asked. Imagine if I'd just stayed quiet."

Yoongi's looking at Taehyung, but Jeongguk watches the eldest as he speaks. The thought of Yoongi harbouring feelings for him still feels strange, even though he is aware of it now. To hear Yoongi talk about

it so openly brings a flush of warmth to Jeongguk. Taehyung nods, still smiling slightly.

“Then I wouldn’t have to feel so queasy every time I look at the two of you,” Taehyung teases gently. “Doesn’t sound too bad.”

Yoongi whacks him on the arm and something close to a laugh escapes Taehyung.

“Just talk to him please,” Yoongi sighs, his tone now a bit lighter.

“Fine, I’ll talk to him,” Taehyung agrees, though he looks frankly terrified at the thought. He takes a few moments, apparently gathering himself. His expression suddenly switches to a grin and he pinches both of them on their cheeks before they can block him. “Look at you two, being all wise.”

“Fuck off,” Jeongguk mutters, batting his hand away.

“I was always wise,” Yoongi grumbles, rubbing his cheek.

Taehyung just laughs. The room falls silent before Taehyung slaps his hands on his thighs, standing up. “So I think I’m going to head to bed. Let you two get up to- whatever it was you were about to do.”

“I think we’ll head up too,” Yoongi says, deliberately ignoring Taehyung’s comment.

Taehyung shrugs and they all wander out of the lounge, turning off the lamp along the way. They start the slow wander to their bedrooms. Taehyung clears his throat as they reach the top of the stairs.

"So in the spirit of talking about stuff -are you going to tell the others at some point?" Taehyung asks. "You know, about you two?"

"We will," Jeongguk tells him. "Just trying to figure out the best way."

Taehyung nods, giving a small knowing look in his direction. He clearly remembers the conversation they had previously when Jeongguk had discussed his want to do so, worried that Yoongi wasn't on the same page. Yoongi smiles over at Jeongguk, a reassuring look. Taehyung seems to catch it and sighs, quiet but happy.

"I'm glad," he tells them. "You know, a year ago I'd never have imagined you two together. But seeing it- I dunno. It makes sense.

You're kind of perfect together."

His words bring a blush to Jeongguk's cheeks and he imagines they do the same for Yoongi. He wouldn't know as he stares resolutely at the floor. He shrugs off the comment and scratches at the back of his neck, embarrassed.

"Right, I think it's time for you to get to bed," Yoongi says pointedly, clearly flustered by the statement too. Jeongguk looks up just in time to see Taehyung rolling his eyes.

"Fine," he huffs lightly. "See you in the morning. And- thanks. Both of you."

"Don't mention it," Jeongguk tells him.

Taehyung gives a small wave good night. Yoongi starts to head into his room, Jeongguk following him. Taehyung gives them a soft smile before turning into his own.

The door closes and a silence settles over them. It's not uncomfortable but it's different. Jeongguk's not sure if Taehyung's comment has had an effect on them, but the atmosphere is sort of electric in a way and full of quiet anticipation. Yoongi looks up at Jeongguk and Jeongguk meets his gaze without hesitation. As ever Jeongguk feels totally floored by the depth of emotion held in Yoongi's eyes and he truly hopes that Yoongi can see just as much in his own gaze. Jeongguk very gently pushes Yoongi up against the door, leaning down and bringing their lips together.

The kiss is slow and tender, tongues gently searching out the taste of each other. One of Yoongi's hands rests on his jaw, his other clutching at the collar of Jeongguk's t shirt. Jeongguk's own hands hold onto Yoongi's hips, keeping their bodies pressed close together. There's no rush tonight and it's an unusual feeling. They take their time to completely sink into the kiss, savouring the smooth, slick glide of their tongues together.

It's so quiet in the rest of the house and the only noises that break the silence are the small, shaky breaths in between their kisses and the soft, wet sound of their mouths meeting. It's slow and amazing and Jeongguk hesitates in being as over the top as Taehyung but well, it's kind of perfect.

"Yoongi."

Jeongguk breathes the elder's name against his lips, not really wanting to say anything more but just needing to say *something.* Something to try to get across just how much he needs this, just how lucky he feels to be able to be with Yoongi in this way. Yoongi moans softly into the kiss, conveying the same deep desire that Jeongguk is experiencing.

Jeongguk's hands seek out the buttons of Yoongi's shirt, fumbling slightly as he undoes them one by one, fingers shaky but determined. Eventually Yoongi's shirt hangs open and Jeongguk lets his hands slip beneath the fabric. He traces the lines of his chest, revelling in the feel of the heated skin underneath his fingertips. He knows that the other members go on about his own body, make a point of his more muscular physique, but Jeongguk kind of loves Yoongi's body more. He's toned and lean, but with just the right amount of softness still too; his skin is smooth and warm and just *there* for Jeongguk to touch.

He's distracted from the exploration of his hands by Yoongi's dropping to the hem of his own shirt, the kiss breaking as Yoongi tugs the material off and over his head. Their gaze meets once more, intense and full of want. Yoongi's falls to Jeongguk's chest, eyes following the paths of his hands as they smooth over Jeongguk's collarbones, thumbs brushing over his nipples before sliding down to his abdomen. Jeongguk takes the opportunity to slide Yoongi's shirt over his shoulders and down his arms, letting it drop to the floor next to his own top.

Their mouths find each other's easily once more, soon slipping back into the languid roll of their tongues together. Jeongguk presses up against Yoongi again. He gasps lightly into the kiss, the sensation of skin on skin just feeling too good. Yoongi's arms wind their way around Jeongguk's shoulders, hands clutching at the back of his neck. Jeongguk tilts his head to deepen the kiss further, bracing his forearm against the door to the side of Yoongi's head. His other hand reaches down to undo Yoongi's jeans, pushing them down as far as he can before Yoongi takes over, breaking the kiss to fully remove them.

"Fuck, Kook," Yoongi whispers as Jeongguk brings their lower bodies tighter together.

Jeongguk's only in thin pajama bottoms, having changed into them earlier to convince Namjoon that he was going to sleep. They do nothing to hide how aroused he is and he can feel just how turned on Yoongi is as well when their hips meet now. It's something that Jeongguk still can never get over, the fact that he can make Yoongi feel like this. Jeongguk's free hand grips onto Yoongi's waist, digging

in harder as he rolls his hips.

They both let out a low whine at the contact, lips quickly attaching once again, fuelled by the need to muffle their noises as well as wanting more of each other's taste. Jeongguk begins a languid, deliberate rhythm, rocking their hips together a little harder and drawing the most amazing sounds from the back of Yoongi's throat that soon get swallowed up by the kiss.

It feels incredible and Jeongguk wants more. His hand moves down from Yoongi's waist, travelling over his ass before resting under the back of his thigh. He pulls up slightly and Yoongi follows his lead easily, hitching his leg up and allowing their hips to press together even harder. Jeongguk's hand grips tight on the back of his thigh, holding him firmly in place as their bodies grind together, slow and sensual. Jeongguk's head is spinning, so overwhelmed with pure *need* for the other man. They still kiss and it's still slow but it gets a little more desperate, a little messier.

"God, Yoongi, I want you," Jeongguk says, the words panted out against his mouth.

Yoongi's hips press back firmly into Jeongguk's. "Please," he breathes, kissing him hard before continuing. "Fuck me."

Jeongguk doesn't quite know how he remains standing given the fact his limbs suddenly all feel weak. His stomach swoops, flooded by desire and need and nerves. He kisses Yoongi back with the same ferocity. It's new and a little intimidating, but shit, he does want to.

"Are you sure?" he asks, making sure to check just once more that this is definitely something Yoongi wants to do.

"As long as you want to," Yoongi tells him. "Then yes, I'm sure."

They kiss again, deep and passionate, and Jeongguk feels distinctly dizzy from the thought of what's about to happen. His other hand leaves the door and similarly slides to the back of Yoongi's other thigh, lifting it up too. Yoongi's ankles instinctively cross behind Jeongguk's back, allowing Jeongguk to pick him up and carry him over to the bed.

"Christ, we're not in some cheesy Hollywood movie you know," Yoongi grumbles but when Jeongguk deposits him onto the mattress his cheeks are a bit pink and Jeongguk thinks that he secretly kind of liked the move.

Jeongguk's body slides over Yoongi's and their lips quickly reconnect, getting lost in another heated kiss until they eventually break apart, both of them flushed and breathless. Yoongi's body writhes beneath him and Jeongguk can't quite believe they're actually doing this. He's so used to Yoongi taking the lead and generally being the one more in control. Jeongguk feels a little lost as to what to do.

"Yoongi, I've never..." he says, trailing off. It's a pointless statement. Yoongi knows full well that this is Jeongguk's first time trying it but he's not sure how else to get across that he needs some instruction.

"I know," Yoongi tells him reassuringly. "We don't have to rush. Just do what you're comfortable with.

Yoongi reaches out to the side, taking out the small bottle of lube and, unusually, a condom from the drawer. Yoongi lifts his head up, capturing Jeongguk's mouth in yet another kiss, quickly distracting him. He rubs his hands in smooth circles against Jeongguk's shoulderblades, the action oddly calming in the heat of the moment. After a short while he pulls back, mouth hovering just below Jeongguk's ear.

"So I can prep myself or you can, it's up to you," he says. Yoongi presses a small kiss just beneath his earlobe, then once on his cheek, before pulling back fully.

"I want to," Jeongguk tells him, despite having zero experience of doing this.

Yoongi smiles gently up at him, lifting a hand to brush the hair back from his face and planting a short, tender kiss on his lips. Jeongguk swallows heavily, shifting down the bed and kneeling up. He carefully removes Yoongi's underwear, watching the way his cock bobs free, so hard and enticing. He almost wants to forget changing things up and just let Yoongi fuck him, but he wants to try this at least once and he has no idea when they might get a room to themselves like this again.

Yoongi hands him the lube and Jeongguk takes it with slightly trembling hands. He coats up his index and middle finger like he sees Yoongi do. Yoongi bends his knees, shifting his hips into a better position. Jeongguk just stares. He suddenly feels like he did on that very first morning when he stumbled across the three of them, totally clueless.

"Just do what you do to yourself, it'll be fine," Yoongi tells him. "Just go slow, okay?"

Jeongguk feels his cheeks heat up. He clears his throat. "I, um- I've never done this to myself."

"Really?" Yoongi's eyes widen a little. He doesn't sound judgemental, more surprised. "I just figured, seems you like it..." He trails off kind of awkwardly.

"Yeah. Sorry," Jeongguk mumbles. God, he's even inexperienced in his *own* sexual explorations.

"Don't apologise," Yoongi tells him earnestly. "It's up to you what you choose to do. It doesn't matter."

Jeongguk nods, still wishing however that he was a bit more experienced so that he could focus on giving Yoongi pleasure right now rather than spending time figuring out what to do.

"Just copy what I do to you then," Yoongi suggests instead. "Just maybe a bit slower to start."

Jeongguk nods again and bites down on his lower lip. He rests one hand on Yoongi's calf, his other reaching forward. He looks up at Yoongi, who smiles back at him so genuine and open that it makes Jeongguk's heart thump even more fiercely in his chest. Slowly and oh so tentatively, he starts to slide his finger inside.

Fuck. It's not quite like anything Jeongguk's felt before. Yoongi feels warm and insanely tight and it suddenly hits Jeongguk that it will soon be his cock sliding inside instead. It sends a strong throb of arousal through him at the prospect. He's experienced the tightness of a hand, the warmth of a mouth, but shit, this is another level.

"Is it okay?" he asks cautiously.

Yoongi's eyes are closed and he's breathing purposefully slow and steady. His eyes flutter open at Jeongguk's voice and he nods. Jeongguk very carefully starts to slide in a slow, measured back and forth, watching Yoongi's face attentively for any sign of pain. None comes and it's sooner than Jeongguk expected when Yoongi asks for a second.

Jeongguk adds his middle finger and this time he does notice a flicker of discomfort over Yoongi's face, his eyes scrunching shut for a few moments. Jeongguk stills his movements and Yoongi seems to notice, shaking his head and opening his eyes.

"It's fine, keep going," he assures Jeongguk, and so Jeongguk does.

He wishes he knew what he was doing a bit more. When Yoongi's fingers are inside of him they know exactly how to move; when to stretch and when to go deeper, when to drive in smooth and when to crook just right. It can take a bit of searching but he generally manages to find that spot inside Jeongguk with relative ease and Jeongguk feels like he's not going to be able to do that.

"Relax, Kook," Yoongi tells him. "I'm meant to be the anxious one here. You're doing fine."

Yoongi smiles tenderly up at him and Jeongguk smiles back, a little embarrassed but mostly reassured. He keeps up the same back and forth motion, risking scissoring his fingers slightly after a while. It gets a small gasp from Yoongi, but it doesn't sound like it's in pain. In fact, quite the opposite. His eyes close, lips parting slightly.

"Feels good," he murmurs. The praise makes Jeongguk's stomach leap. It's still kind of a weird sensation and Jeongguk feels somewhat out of his depth still, but he's beginning to enjoy being more in control like this for a little while.

"Should I add another?" Jeongguk asks.

"Just- stay like this a little longer," Yoongi requests and Jeongguk nods even though Yoongi's eyes are still closed. "You can go a little harder though if you like."

Jeongguk immediately follows Yoongi's suggestion. He's been trying to be as gentle and move as slow as he can manage, but if Yoongi is okay with it being a little harder then he's happy to oblige. He presses in a little deeper, Yoongi's hips shifting a little back down onto them. He tries to think what Yoongi normally does to him and he tries curving the tips of his fingers slightly.

An odd, choked sort of noise escapes Yoongi's throat as the pad of Jeongguk's finger brushes against something deep inside. Yoongi's body jerks slightly at the touch, his breathing quickening as Jeongguk finds the same spot again.

"Fuck, *there*," Yoongi pants, his breathing melting into a low moan as Jeongguk hits it once more.

Jeongguk's cock throbs almost painfully at the sight, watching in awe as he moves his fingers and Yoongi's jaw goes slack, head tipped back

against the pillow. He presses his palm to the front of his pajamas, needing some sort of friction himself as he works his fingers inside Yoongi.

"Another, Kook, please," Yoongi tells him.

Jeongguk pulls out, trying his hardest to not get distracted by the small whimper from Yoongi as he does so. He coats all three fingers in the lube this time, his digits trembling even more than before. He is soon pressing back inside. Shit, it's a lot tighter this time and the thought does crazy things to his mind. Yoongi seems to feel the stretch more this time too, inhaling sharply at the sensation.

"Just tell me when to move," Jeongguk asks, stilling his movements in the elder and this time Yoongi doesn't protest.

His breathing is shallow, teeth chewing on his bottom lip as he becomes accustomed to the feeling. Eventually he nods, letting out a mumbled *okay, okay*, when he's ready. Jeongguk returns to the slow back and forth of before. He's lost the spot but it doesn't stop him searching it out again. When he does find it, fuck, does it turn him on to watch Yoongi react. As much as he enjoys getting pleasured himself, he's always loved getting to do the same to Yoongi.

"Come here," Yoongi breathes after a while.

He already sounds wrecked and it makes Jeongguk feel incredible to know that it's from him. He leans down and Yoongi props himself up on his elbows, making it easier for their mouths to meet in a wet, deep kiss. Yoongi sighs happily into it, the sound easily reflected by Jeongguk.

"I think I'm ready, if you still want to," Yoongi murmurs against his lips.

"I want to," Jeongguk nods. Yoongi tugs Jeongguk's lower lip between his teeth before kissing him one more time.

Yoongi reaches out to the side and Jeongguk kneels up, shucking off his pajamas and underwear in one go. He sees Yoongi look down and swallow hard. He slicks up his own fingers with the lube, bringing them to Jeongguk's cock. Jeongguk's head tips back, the sensation of Yoongi's hand on him after all this build up giving him the most amazing relief. He groans quietly, shutting his eyes for a few moments and just letting himself get lost in the warm, familiar slide of Yoongi's hand.

"Do you want me to use that?" Jeongguk asks when his eyes reopen, gaze landing on the condom by Yoongi's side.

"I'm okay without," he says. "And I know I don't use one, but I just wanted to give you the choice. I honestly don't mind if you'd prefer-"

"No, I want to feel you," Jeongguk says, cutting him off to give the same answer he gave when Yoongi first asked him that question, months ago now.

Yoongi nods and he lays back down fully on the covers. Jeongguk slides over him, slotting easily in between his legs. One of Yoongi's hooks over his hip and he bends the other one at the knee. Jeongguk lines himself up before looking down at Yoongi.

Yoongi looks back up at him. There's a vulnerability there in his gaze and Jeongguk is so distinctly reminded of the very first time they had sex, when they'd got lost in a moment of looking at each other and Jeongguk had seen a rare glimpse of this more vulnerable side of Yoongi. He sees it more and more often nowadays, but it doesn't fail to make his breath catch each time. There's the same want and affection like that first time too, though maybe, Jeongguk thinks, it feels like something much deeper now.

"Ready?" Jeongguk whispers, asking himself as much as Yoongi.

Yoongi nods. Jeongguk leans down, kissing him softly. They're still kissing when Jeongguk finally slides his hips forward and begins to push inside. It doesn't last for long however, their lips instead simply resting against each other's as they breathe heavily.

Oh, *fuck*. It feels amazing. The heat and the tightness around his cock is absolutely incredible and it takes every inch of Jeongguk's willpower to not just slide all the way in straight away. When eventually he's buried fully inside he has to take a few moments to adjust, just the same as Yoongi. He's never experienced anything like this before and it's entirely overwhelming, but in the very best way.

"Fuck," he whines, not caring how out of it he sounds.

"Yeah," is all Yoongi says in response, voice breathless and a little strained.

Jeongguk leans down, pressing kisses along Yoongi's jaw, the action just as much done to calm himself as it is for Yoongi. Yoongi eventually turns his head to the side, finding Jeongguk's lips in a soft,

needy kiss.

"You can move," Yoongi tells him, the words murmured quietly against the corner of Jeongguk's mouth.

Jeongguk nods and props himself up a bit more onto his forearms, bracketing Yoongi's head. Yoongi's hands reach around Jeongguk's back, sliding over his skin that's already damp with sweat.

Slowly, cautiously, Jeongguk pulls his hips back, almost leaving the elder entirely before gradually pushing all the way inside again. Jeongguk's forehead drops down, pressing into Yoongi's. He can feel Yoongi's breath against his cheeks, warm, shaky. Their eyes meet briefly, shocking Jeongguk in their intensity.

Jeongguk keeps things slow. He wants to make sure that he doesn't hurt Yoongi of course, but also because he needs to get used to the new sensation. Yoongi's tight around him like he's never felt before and he has to really concentrate to calm himself down. He feels a bit like if Yoongi were to clench just a little that he'd come right there and then, and Jeongguk really doesn't want this to be over that quickly. If there's one thing he's learnt since being with Yoongi, it's that getting off isn't really the focus. Most of the fun is in the build up, in exploring each other and getting lost in the pleasure of being with one another for as long as possible. It's not something he'd really considered much when it used to just be him and his hand in the shower.

"Is this okay?" Jeongguk asks tentatively.

"God, yeah, more than okay," Yoongi breathes.

Jeongguk pulls back his head a little to look down at Yoongi. Yoongi smiles up at him, so warm and open that it makes his chest tighten. He feels entirely overwhelmed. It's not just from how good it feels, because *fuck* does it feel good. But how connected he feels to Yoongi. How amazing it is to know that Yoongi trusts him enough to do this and to know that anything they try will be together like this, just the two of them enjoying yet another level of closeness.

The jumble of feelings coursing inside of him are almost too much and Jeongguk forces himself to focus on what's happening; on the smooth slide into Yoongi, on how Yoongi almost clings to him as they fuck slowly. Their skin sticks together, their bodies already too warm, sweat trickling across their brows.

"You can go harder, baby," Yoongi tells him, the words whispered over his lips. "You don't have to hold back."

Jeongguk's been trying to stay gentle, but Yoongi's words break the restraint he's been showing. The next time he slides inside he drives in with a sharp thrust. Yoongi makes a sound somewhere between a gasp and a groan.

"Sorry, was that-"

"I like it, Kook, keep going," Yoongi murmurs.

Jeongguk eagerly follows his request, thrusting into him harder and deeper. It feels so good and he chases more of it, speeding up the movement of his hips. It takes everything Jeongguk has to stay quiet, holding back the loud moans that threaten to spill from his lips. It's not always successful, ocassional soft groans escaping from him. Yoongi's struggling too, biting down hard on his lower lip in an attempt to stifle any sounds.

"Oh god, Yoongi, you feel- *fuck*."

Jeongguk tries to speak, too overcome to be particularly eloquent. Getting deeper inside of Yoongi like this feels so amazing, setting Jeongguk's body alight with desire.

"God, so fucking good, " Yoongi mumbles. His words only stoke Jeongguk's want further and he tries to go harder, even deeper.

Whenever Yoongi fucks him he changes up the rhythm, angling himself differently and rolling his hips just right, knowing exactly what to do to get the younger trembling from how good it is. Jeongguk feels like he's not quite so talented. He fucks Yoongi hard but without much finesse. He slides in deep, over and over, unable to think of much else other than how fucking good Yoongi feels around him. Yoongi doesn't seem to mind his almost relentless thrusting however, his jaw slack and head tipped back as Jeongguk moves in him.

At some point Jeongguk feels a hand on his own, moving it from where it rests next to Yoongi's head and bringing it down to slip beneath the small of Yoongi's back. Jeongguk takes the hint, tilting Yoongi's hips slightly and holding him at that angle. It makes Yoongi's leg hook a little further around his waist, thigh tightening against him. Jeongguk keeps up his deep slide and then suddenly he feels Yoongi's body tense, a low moan slipping from his mouth.

"Shit, Kook, like that, *fuck*, like that."

Yoongi's words are whispered and desperate and god, Jeongguk is so turned on by it.

Jeongguk keeps sliding into him, making sure to try to angle himself so that he's hitting the same spot repeatedly. He looks down at Yoongi. He has a thin sheen of sweat on his face, his lips redder than usual from where he keeps biting down on them and parted as he breathes heavily. He looks back at Jeongguk through hooded eyes as he reaches up, smoothing Jeongguk's sweat slicked hair away from his forehead.

"God, Yoongi," Jeongguk whispers.

He doesn't really know what he wants to say so he doesn't say any more, leaning down and bringing their lips together in an almost bruising kiss. His hips start to lose their rhythm now and again as he gets lost in the way Yoongi licks into his mouth, tasting and exploring as though he'll never get the chance again.

"Shit, you're gonna make me come, baby," Yoongi pants into his mouth.

Jeongguk actually whines at his words. God, he wants to. The thought that he can bring Yoongi to the edge like that from fucking him, shit, he can barely comprehend it. Jeongguk keeps moving, spurred on by Yoongi's comment. He feels thoroughly confused therefore when Yoongi's palms press against his sternum. He goes with it and lets himself get pushed up so that he's sitting, momentarily sliding out of Yoongi.

"Fuck," Yoongi grunts and Jeongguk feels the same, the loss of contact already seeming like far too long. Jeongguk's about to question what's going on before Yoongi continues. "Just want to try like this."

Yoongi positions Jeongguk so that he's sitting back against the headboard. He clambers into his lap, soon lining himself up with Jeongguk's cock. He's facing away, his back to Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk's head spins from the new position. They've never tried it like this before.

Yoongi sinks down slowly onto him and shit, it's almost too much. Jeongguk's mouth latches onto Yoongi's shoulder, biting down harder than he probably should, but it's the only way he can hold back the moan that almost escapes him.

It’s a similar sensation but different in an indescribable way, somehow tighter and like he can feel every inch of Yoongi dragging against him. It seems to feel different for Yoongi too and Jeongguk remembers when he first tried being on top, remembers how much fuller it felt. Jeongguk tries with every fibre of his being to stay still in order to let Yoongi adjust.

“Kook,” Yoongi breathes out. “You feel so- fuck, so good.”

He leans back, his back pressed tight to Jeongguk’s chest. Jeongguk brings one hand round to Yoongi’s front, fingertips trailing over his chest as the other holds onto his hip.

Yoongi carefully starts to move, his head tipped back onto Jeongguk’s shoulder. Jeongguk brushes his lips along Yoongi’s neck, aiding Yoongi’s movements with the hand on his hip. It’s slowed down a lot compared to the frantic thrusting of before but Jeongguk doesn’t mind. It might be slow but it's so fucking sensual, so hot, that he entirely sinks into it. Jeongguk’s been enjoying this all immensely but if he’s totally honest he’s kind of glad that Yoongi’s taken back some of the control again. It’s what he loves most and he just lets himself get utterly lost in how Yoongi slides up and down on his cock.

“Shit, I love this,” Jeongguk murmurs, mouth still on Yoongi’s neck. He doesn't even feel embarrassed about the comment, just so full of need and passion that he just needs to voice how much he adores doing this with Yoongi.

Yoongi doesn’t answer other than a low hum of agreement. He twists his head to the side, meeting Jeongguk’s lips with his own. The angle doesn’t allow for a particularly refined kiss. It's wet and messy, tongues meeting more outside their mouths than anything, but it’s still so good. Yoongi's hand reaches back and tangles in Jeongguk's hair, keeping the kiss going as he lazily rides Jeongguk's cock. Jeongguk's arm around his chest tightens, pulling the older man even closer.

"Oh god, *Yoongi,*" Jeongguk groans quietly in between kisses

"Feel so good in me," Yoongi murmurs. "Jesus, Kook."

Yoongi shifts himself a little on the next slide and then the kiss gets broken, Yoongi panting against his lips as Jeongguk seems to hit that spot inside of him. It makes Yoongi move a little faster, searching out more of that feeling. Jeongguk brings his other hand to also hold onto Yoongi's hip, aiding his movements.

Yoongi lets out these little, soft gasps as Jeongguk starts to thrust up into him, meeting him as he slides down. Yoongi sounds so good, so erotic, and it makes Jeongguk's heart pound, fingertips digging harder into his hips.

Jeongguk's head is spinning and it's all starting to get too much. Yoongi's so tight and Jeonguk's so deep inside him. The heat in the pit of his stomach is gathering more and more, stoked by every slide of Yoongi on him.

"Are you close?" Yoongi asks, voice sounding utterly wrecked.

"So close," Jeongguk tells him, coming out almost as whimper.

"Fuck, me too," Yoongi says.

It brings Jeongguk even nearer to the edge, knowing that Yoongi is so worked up from this. It makes him help Yoongi to move a bit faster once more, Jeongguk trying to thrust up into him at the same time. His rhythm is sloppy and his hands grip too tightly on Yoongi's hips but it doesn't seem to matter. He can see Yoongi's hand drop down to his cock, stroking himself as he sinks down onto Jeongguk, and the sight brings Jeongguk dangerously close.

"Keep going, oh god, keep going," Yoongi whispers.

Jeongguk pushes up into him just once or twice more before Yoongi lets out a choked sound, a moan mixed in with Jeongguk's name as he comes, spilling over his hand and stomach. Jeongguk tries to keep watching but Yoongi's clenching around him and oh god, Jeongguk can't hold himself back. He pulls Yoongi down hard into his lap one more time, holding him down firmly as he comes deep inside of him, mouth pressed into the side of Yoongi's neck to muffle his own drawn out moan.

Neither of them speak straight away. Yoongi collapses back against Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk's head falls back against the wall as he looks up at the ceiling, a little dazed from his orgasm. He clumsily wraps his arms around Yoongi, skin getting sticky from the come but he honestly couldn't care less. He presses his face back into Yoongi's neck, breathing in the scent of him, sweaty yet still distinctly Yoongi underneath that.

"Was it- was it okay?" Jeongguk eventually asks.

A short, sharp laugh comes from Yoongi. "Yes, it was okay," he

says. “It was- god, it was never like that before.”

His words make something warm unfurl in Jeongguk’s chest, an element of pride but also something more, the feeling that only the knowledge of this being something special between the two of them can bring. He kisses Yoongi’s neck, unable to hold back the smile forming on his lips.

“Yeah?” he asks, really just wanting to hear it again.

“Yeah,” Yoongi repeats softly. “Sex with you- it’s always felt different, somehow.”

Yoongi’s words are quiet but they echo loud in Jeongguk’s mind. Yoongi doesn’t say these sort of things lightly and Jeongguk can hear in his voice how honest his statement is. Jeongguk swallows hard. He may have only ever slept with Yoongi but he’s willing to bet that it wouldn’t be the same with anyone else. He’s always known there was something more between them, he’s known that since they first had sex, but it’s kind of terrifying to think just how big that thing could be. Jeongguk doesn’t reply. He leans forward, tilting his head as best he can in order to capture Yoongi’s mouth with his own. They kiss for a long time, slow and lazy as they gradually come back to normal, back to reality.

Yoongi winces a little when he eventually stands up, dismissing any concerns Jeongguk’s about to voice with a shake of the head and a mumbled *I’m fine*. He wanders over to his closet to grab a towel. He cleans himself up heading back to the bed, carefully cleaning Jeongguk up too before letting it fall to the side of the bed.

“Did you enjoy it?” Yoongi asks, pulling his underwear back on before passing Jeongguk’s back to him.

“I did,” Jeongguk smiles. “Maybe we can try it again one day.”

Yoongi grins back at him, nodding. “Sure, I’d definitely be okay with that.”

Jeongguk gets under the covers, feeling all kinds of exhausted and satisfied. He can’t quite believe that he gets to share Yoongi’s bed tonight, that they’ll get to do so tomorrow as well. Yoongi’s not getting into bed as quickly as Jeongguk wants him to so he reaches out, grabbing Yoongi’s wrist and tugging him down.

“We should probably tidy up a bit.” Yoongi protests but Jeongguk just

keeps pulling.

“We can do it first thing tomorrow,” Jeongguk tells him, tugging again.

“At least let me turn off the light then,” Yoongi laughs and Jeongguk lets go.

The room plunges into black and he soon feels Yoongi slipping under the covers next to him. It’s beyond nice to feel Yoongi’s bare skin pressed against his own, arms wrapping around Jeongguk’s waist as he settles in behind the younger. Jeongguk feels a soft kiss pressed into the nape of his neck and he smiles into the darkness. He wonders if after they tell the others they might be able to do this more often – might the other members be okay with letting them share a room now and again, or is that too much to ask?

He decides not to think on it too deeply right now. Him and Yoongi will discuss it at all at some point. Right now he definitely needs to sleep. He feels one of Yoongi’s legs slip between his own two, pressing their bodies almost impossibly close, and it’s not long before he drifts off into sleep, totally content.

When Jeongguk wakes up he can tell it’s still the early hours of the morning due to the fact that he feels entirely unrested and the house has that quiet quality that those hours tend to bring. There’s a lamp turned on however, bright and glowing on Seokjin’s bedside table. Jeongguk’s a bit unsure as to why that’s so until the sound of whispered voices reaches his ears. His brow furrows. The warmth of Yoongi is no longer pressed to his back. He suddenly registers Seokjin’s voice and his whole body goes cold. Shit, what is he doing here?

“What the *fuck* were you thinking?”

“If you’d just let me *explain.”*

Yoongi’s voice sounds exasperated, as though it’s maybe not the first time he’s requested a chance to explain, and Jeongguk wonders just how long they’ve been talking for. Though talking is putting it lightly; it sounds much more heated than that. Jeongguk has no idea why Seokjin’s back here but he realises with dread what he must have walked into. Their clothes are still strewn about the floor, that condom probably in there somewhere too. They’re both in their underwear and likely would have been curled up with each other in bed when Seokjin came back. Jeongguk feels sick. He’d jokingly

thought about how easy it would be if one of the members could just walk in and find them to save awkward discussions but shit, he really, *really* did not want this.

“What is there to explain?” Seokjin asks, his voice going high in pitch in a way that Jeongguk would mock if the moment wasn’t so deadly serious. “You’ve fucking slept with Jeongguk, Yoongi. What the *fuck*.”

“Look, we’ve been wanting to tell you guys about us, we just-“

“This has happened more than once?” Seokjin asks, incredulous.

“Well, yes-“

“I can’t believe you, Yoongi. You honestly think this is appropriate?”

“Appropriate?” Yoongi repeats blankly.

“He’s barely an adult,” Seokjin snaps. “You’re meant to be looking out for him, not getting him into bed.”

“God, don’t talk about him like he’s a fucking idiot,” Yoongi hisses back. “He’s nineteen, not a kid. And he’s more mature than a lot of guys our age. He’s capable of making his own damn decisions.”

Their voices are steadily getting louder, though they’re trying to stay as whispers. Jeongguk feels like he should probably jump in but he’s not sure when or how. He doesn’t want it to seem like he’s been eavesdropping but shit, he should probably say something.

“You’ve known him since he was fifteen, Yoongi. *Fifteen*. You’re really expecting me to be okay with this?” Seokjin replies.

“What does it matter how old he was when we met? I like him for who he is *now*, it doesn’t matter about-“

“Of course it matters,” Seokjin interrupts, sounding furious. “We’re pretty much the only family he knows, Yoongi. He trusts you, he looks up to you. He clearly thinks a lot of you but that doesn’t mean you should take advantage of that fact.”

“Take advantage?” Yoongi repeats, sounding even madder than Seokjin if that’s possible. “Take advantage? What the fuck are you trying to say?”

“What I’m trying to say is you’ve been really fucking irresponsible,” Seokjin grits out. Their voices are loud enough now that they really

can't be expecting Jeongguk to sleep through it, but they're so caught up in their argument that Jeongguk's not even sure that they remember he's still there. "We all have needs but get yourself a goddamn girlfriend to satisfy them. Or boyfriend. Whatever. I don't care. Just don't go for fucking Jeongguk of all people."

"Christ, do you really think I'm with him just for a quick fuck? I'm with him because I-" Yoongi pauses, collecting himself. "Look, we both want this. I don't see why this has to be such an issue."

"You really think he knows what he wants?" Seokjin retorts. "Shit, it's not like he's got any experience in this, is it? It's obvious he idolises you – if you show him interest of *course* he's going to reciprocate."

Jeongguk's stomach plummets horribly. Of all the things Seokjin could have said, he's managed to hit on the one major insecurity that Yoongi has about their relationship. That Jeongguk's caught up in the excitement of the relationship rather than having feelings for Yoongi himself. Yoongi doesn't say anything and his silence is more painful for Jeongguk than anything that Seokjin could have possibly said about him. Jeongguk knows he has to speak up now.

"Don't say that, hyung," he says quietly, sitting up in the bed.

Both of their heads whip round at the sound of Jeongguk's voice. Yoongi's face is stony and serious, but there's a clear upset in his eyes that makes Jeongguk feel sick. He can't bear to see it, can't bear to think that Yoongi might believe Seokjin's words. Seokjin looks utterly furious, his cheeks red and flustered.

"We're not just sleeping together," Jeongguk tells him. "I care about him a lot and he cares for me too. We're in a relationship."

Seokjin's eyes widen almost comically, looking between the pair of them in disbelief. He then scrunches his eyes closed, pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and forefinger. He takes a deep breath, apparently trying to calm himself.

"And how long has this- this *relationship* been going on for?"

Jeongguk tenses at the disapproval in Seokjin's tone but he doesn't rise to it. "A few months," he answers honestly.

Seokjin opens his eyes again, looking at them both. He shakes his head as though he still doesn't understand. "This is fucking ridiculous," he mutters.

Jeongguk swallows hard, looking over at Yoongi. Yoongi's gaze is cast down at the floor and Jeongguk hopes to god that he isn't focusing too much on Seokjin's earlier comments.

"Look, we didn't plan to feel this way about each other," Yoongi tells him, obviously trying to stay calm. He looks back up at Seokjin. "But we do, and we *are* together. I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable. I really hope you can get past that."

Seokjin looks between the two of them, still trying to take it all in. He sighs and shakes his head. "I really hope you both know what you're doing," he says. He takes hold of his suitcase that Jeongguk's only just noticed by his feet. "I'll take your bed tonight."

He looks over at Jeongguk who just nods quietly. Seokjin looks between the two of them one more time before turning and walking out, taking his case with him. He closes the door behind him, leaving the pair in stunned silence.

"I thought he was away for-"

"His flight got cancelled," Yoongi says blankly. "He came back to get some rest before catching the morning flight tomorrow."

"Oh," Jeongguk says.

Silence falls over them again. Jeongguk feels sick with panic, terrified by Yoongi's quiet mood. Is he regretting this all? Does he think this was a mistake? Seokjin's reaction was entirely unexpected and it's shaken Jeongguk, and he worries it's maybe pushed Yoongi too far.

"I'm sorry," Jeongguk says eventually. Yoongi's head snaps up, looking over at Jeongguk in confusion.

"For what?"

"We should have tidied up like you said," Jeongguk tells him. "I'm sorry that you had to deal with that because of me."

"Don't worry about it," Yoongi says, in a way that definitely makes Jeongguk worry about it.

"Shit, what if Hobi and Namjoon react like that too," Jeongguk says quietly. "Fuck, what if-"

"Kook, please don't," Yoongi tells him. He crawls onto the bed,

kneeling in front of Jeongguk. “It’ll be fine. Seokjin was just shocked that’s all. They’ll see how much we care for each other. They’ll come around. We just might have to tell them sooner than expected.”

Jeongguk nods and looks down. He swallows thickly. “You don’t regret this do you?”

Yoongi doesn’t answer and it makes Jeongguk look up at him. Yoongi’s brow is furrowed, concern in his eyes. “No,” he says firmly. “Why, do you?”

“No,” Jeongguk echoes. “I- I know it's only been a few months but I can’t really imagine not being with you.”

His words are almost a whisper but Yoongi definitely hears them. Jeongguk feels a bit embarrassed by his confession but fuck, he really means it. He can’t quite contemplate the thought of them not being together anymore and it’s terrifying to realise just how unbearable it would be. Yoongi runs his finger along Jeongguk’s jaw. His expression is almost pained, though it overflows with a deep affection. He leans in, kissing him tenderly.

“You mean so much to me,” he whispers against his lips. “I-“ Yoongi pauses before sighing softly, and for some reason Jeongguk holds his breath in an odd anticipation. Yoongi takes a moment before continuing. “I can’t imagine it either.”

Jeongguk nods. Yoongi walks over to turn off the light, gathering up their clothes in the meantime and leaving them in a slightly neater pile by the bed. He slips in behind Jeongguk, their limbs soon entwining. Jeongguk guesses that Namjoon’s going to know about them soon enough if Seokjin has anything to do with it, so he doesn’t care quite as much as usual about falling asleep like this.

No, it’s not the fear of getting caught anymore that keeps him awake long after Yoongi falls asleep. Instead it’s the surprising realisation of just how tentatively he had held his breath when Yoongi was speaking a moment ago. The realisation that, for the first time, he might just have been waiting to hear Yoongi say something more.

End Notes

So we're back onto the Sugakookie again! Thank you hugely to everyone who commented on the more Vmin focused last part, it really meant a lot to read your comments and know that you enjoyed!

Thank you so much for reading, I hope that you enjoyed this latest update :) As always, comments are truly appreciated <3

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